

BOARDER'S PISTOL TOOK TWO LIVES.

Gaylord Killed Mrs. Burnham, Then Blew Out His Own Brains.

DAUGHTER'S AWFUL SIGHT.

She Returned Home to Find the Bodies Close Together on the Floor.

WAS JEALOUSY THE MOTIVE?

Some Neighbors Hold That There Had Been a Misunderstanding and That the Man Had Been Ordered from the House.

Elmhurst, N. Y., Sept. 18.—When Mary Burnham, of this city, returned from her work at the knitting mills this afternoon, a terrible sight met her eyes. She found the door locked, and was forced to gain an entrance through the cellar.

She went upstairs to the second floor in search of her mother, and there beheld her dead and covered with blood, lying close to Kenyon Gaylord, a boarder in the house, who was also dead. The frightened girl, as soon as she was able to collect her senses, notified the police and the bodies were removed to the city morgue.

The room in which the bodies were found, was the one occupied by Gaylord. The woman lay on her back on the floor. A bullet from Gaylord's revolver had penetrated the left side of her head, cutting open the ear. Another bullet had gone through Gaylord's brain.

The daughter had come to her work at 6:30 o'clock in the morning, and no one had seen either of the principals of the tragedy during the day. The shooting had evidently been done in the morning, as the bodies had every indication of having lain there several hours.

Mrs. Burnham was the wife of James Burnham, a once prosperous farmer, of this city. He at one time owned the Oak Ridge Farm, which now forms a part of the village of Elmhurst Heights. He took to drinking and lost his money and property, and his wife left him about five years ago. Gaylord, who at one time was employed as driver of a milk wagon for Burnham, has of late been working as a railroad brakeman. His wife is dead, and a son of his was killed in a carriage factory twelve years ago. The death of the son has always preyed on his mind, and many persons have noticed that Gaylord has always acted queer since then. He was fifty-one years old, and Mrs. Burnham was forty-eight.

Some of the neighbors assert that Gaylord was jealous of Mrs. Burnham, but others say that there was a misunderstanding between them, and that Gaylord was ordered out of the house by the woman. It is claimed that Gaylord's real name is Kenyon Burt, and that he came here from Mansfield, Pa., where he has a brother, Frank Miller, the adopted son of Freeman Miller of that place.

CHAINED SAILOR TALKS.

Declares That He Was Never Insane and Is Given the Freedom of the Corridor in Bellevue.

Stephano Clemente Stagnaro, the sailor off the Italian bark Speme, who was kept in irons for forty-three days and subjected to the most horrible treatment because he was thought to be insane, showed no evidences of it yesterday.

Half starved and with his body filled with sores from the galling irons which bound him in the black hole beneath the ship's deck the sailor was taken to Bellevue Hospital, as told in yesterday's Journal. He was placed in the insane pavilion to have his sanity examined into. As soon as food was given to him the half dead man began to brighten up. When he first arrived at the hospital he was too weak even to speak intelligently, but when he was washed and given fresh clothing he showed his delight by trying to talk to every one. He seemed for a time to think himself in a dream and could hardly realize his changed condition.

Yesterday when Dr. Fitch and William made an examination of the patient, he seemed so rational that it was decided to allow him the freedom of the pavilion corridors. Dr. Fitch, and yesterday that he was not ready to make a report on the case. "I want to examine into the man's history. I would like to know something of his past," he said. "I don't want to appear crazy, but it is difficult to detect insanity, especially when it is inherited."

Stagnaro said to a Journal reporter: "I can't imagine why I was put in a chain, unless there is something behind all this. Have you ever heard of the vendetta? The vendetta is a fearful thing. I can hardly believe that I have been singled out as a vendetta victim, unless it is an inheritance from my parents. I have been at sea the greater part of my life and didn't know I had any enemies. The idea of my having been mad or of my having endangered the lives of any of the other seamen is ridiculous. I was as sane as you are. I was suddenly grabbed from behind by an order from the mate of the ship, and dragged to the dark hole. Not even when I was suffering from thirst and hunger did I become delirious. I was rational all the time."

Italian Consul and the New York Health Department will not begin their investigation into the treatment of the man until the report has been made by the hospital physicians. Evidence is now being collected.

ABLAZE TO THE ROOF.

Lively Blaze in a West Side Flat from Which One Man Has a Narrow Escape.

There was an exciting and damaging blaze in the five-story apartment house No. 60 Amsterdam avenue, near Sixty-second street, yesterday morning, the cause of which is unknown.

It started in a heap of old bedding and a pile of straw in the rear of the basement. The fire was extinguished by Charles Seidenbach, who was so excited in fighting the fire that he escaped the large number of persons lying in the house.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock some children rushed into Cook's butcher shop on the first floor shouting "Fire!" George Daubard, who was in charge of the place, saw smoke coming into the store from the rear and turned in an alarm. Flames were seen shooting out of the rear windows, and smoke filled the air.

Charles Cook was asleep on the second floor. Jacob Green, a hatter, rushed up to his room and found the door locked and broke in the door. When he reached the street he was scarcely able to stand, and suffered greatly from partial suffocation.

The flames shot up the shaft to the top floor, where they spread and wiped out the entire landing and roof. The building was pretty well gutted by the flames, and damaged by water. Mrs. Catherine Cook, who owns the property, says she is fully insured.

A little oil on machinery makes it move easily. A Journal "Want" will make the wheels of your business move quicker and more easily.

FIGEL HELD FOR MURDER.

San Francisco Bookkeeper and Hot Sport Must Answer to a More Serious Charge Than Forgery.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 18.—Judge Campbell today held Theodore Figel, formerly bookkeeper for Hoffman, Ketchikoff & Co. of this city, to answer to the charge of having murdered his employer, Isaac Hoffman, in his office on Battery street, on the evening of August 1, last, and remanded him to the custody of the sheriff without bail.

Later Judge Cook issued a writ of habeas corpus returnable on Tuesday next at the instance of David Black, father of Theodore, based upon the claim that no evidence has been produced against Isaac Hoffman, for the murder of whom Figel was this morning held to answer, was killed.

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FAVERSHAM LOSES A PRIZE TERRIER.

Actor Overcome with Grief When the Dog Reached Chicago Dead.

SMOTHERED IN TRANSIT.

And the Matinee Girl's Idol Writes a Tearful Letter to a Friend.

This is the story of an actor and his dog. As the actor is a particularly good actor, and the dog was a particularly good dog, the tragedy, now made public for the first time, will cause grief among dog fanciers and matinee girls impartially. The actor is William Faversham, the Gil de Bernart, of the Empire Theatre, "Under the Red Robe," while the dog is Woodcock Balsamo, No. 45,062, American Kennel Club, and the best bull terrier that ever came to these shores from England.

But Woodcock Balsamo, nicknamed by Mrs. Faversham and her husband "Turk"—which is an easier name by which to call a dog when you want him to fetch something—is now dead, owing to what Mrs. Faversham and his wife declare to be the criminal carelessness of employees of the American Express Company.

The news reached this city yesterday in the form of a letter written by Mr. Faversham to a close friend and admirer of bull terriers in this city. The letter tells the story. It was dated last Wednesday from the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, and reads as follows:

My Dear D—
I write you these lines with a mighty heavy heart, and I can't help saying that I have had a good cry. Out of all the men I know, I am sure you will appreciate my feelings more than any one. My great dog "Turk" that I brought from England, was shipped to me yesterday (Monday) and arrived here last night (Tuesday) smothered in the coal. Just think of the criminal negligence of the railroad men! I was going to exhibit Turk at the Metropolitan show next week. At Gloucester two weeks ago I was easily one of the first and special prizes, and I expected to get him into the New York show in the champion class.

As I look at his picture, which is before me now, I am broken hearted. Poor, dumb fellow! I am full of grief and cold, and feel ashamed at being the cause of his having been sent here to die such a horrible death. Not only was he the best dog I ever saw, but he was such a good fellow, such a "pal," and I liked him better than any dog I ever had. I can't help but understand how I feel. I guess, isn't it a shame to think that such a fine dog should be taken from the world when they are shipped from one city to another. The railroad officials ought to be severely punished for their carelessness. It is not the only case of late.

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Mrs. Faversham, who resides at No. 230 West Fifty-second street, was fully as concerned as I am. She has been very kind to me, and when his death is heard of in England I will tell you more about it. I am sure you will appreciate my feelings more than any one. My great dog "Turk" that I brought from England, was shipped to me yesterday (Monday) and arrived here last night (Tuesday) smothered in the coal. Just think of the criminal negligence of the railroad men! I was going to exhibit Turk at the Metropolitan show next week. At Gloucester two weeks ago I was easily one of the first and special prizes, and I expected to get him into the New York show in the champion class.

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To the House of Marlborough Consuelo Presents an Heir.

A son was born at 3 o'clock yesterday morning to the Duchess, at Spencer House. If the boy survives his father, he will be the eleventh Duke of Marlborough. Through his mother he will inherit many of the Vanderbilt millions. She was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the daughter of W. K. Vanderbilt.

CORSET STEEL SAVED HER.

Tramp at New Market, N. J., Made a Vicious Lunge with a Knife at Mrs. Moeblus on Being Refused Help.

A corset steel was the only thing that saved Mrs. A. Moeblus, of New Market, N. J., from a mortal wound in the breast at the hands of a desperate tramp on Friday night. It was nearly 7 o'clock when Mrs. Moeblus heard a vigorous knock at the rear door of her house, which fronts on the Lehigh Valley Railroad tracks. She opened the door, and was startled to see a hungry-looking man plant himself in the aperture and, in a terrifying voice, exclaim:

"Say, munn, I'm dead broke, and I want you to help me out with a little money." "I have no money to spare for you," exclaimed Mrs. Moeblus. "So you ain't a-collin' to give me anything, eh? Well, you'll wish you did," said the stranger, and as he folded the words he made a lunge at Mrs. Moeblus with a long blade of a jack-knife. The knife struck her on the breast and cut through her corset, and she was prevented from entering the flesh by striking the corset steel.

Mrs. Moeblus gave a frantic yell, and the assailant ran out of the yard and disappeared in the darkness. Mrs. Moeblus hurried to her husband's barber shop some distance away and hysterically told of the assault. There were two or three men present at the time, and in the excitement no attempt was made to capture the assailant, and there is no clue to his identity.

KILLED GOING TO A FUNERAL.

Muselman Was Driving Across the Track When Train Struck His Buggy.

Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 18.—Christian Muselman, one of the oldest residents of Lancaster county, was instantly killed while driving across the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks today.

Muselman was on his way to attend the funeral of a relative when the buggy he was in was struck by a passenger train. His mangled body being carried on the front of the engine. The horse was ground to pieces, and the buggy reduced to splinters.

MOB AFTER BIKE THIEVES.

Two Plainfield (N. J.) Farmers, Caught Stealing a Wheelman's Lamp, Pursued by Crowd of Angry Cyclists.

There have been so many thefts of bicycles and bicycle sundries in Plainfield, N. J., of late that on Friday night when two Middlesex county farmers were detected stealing a bicycle lantern they were chased by several bicyclists, who were soon joined by a hundred pursuers. The thieves drove John B. Peasout and Thursday Laps into their buggy and locked their doors, and they were pursued by a mob of angry cyclists.

Henry Neill detected one of them in the act of stealing the lantern off from his wheel, which he had left in front of an East Second street saloon. He yelled "thieves!" and the two farmers jumped into their buggy and locked their doors, and they were pursued by a mob of angry cyclists.

They were joined by other men along the route of the escaping men and the yells of "stop thieves" attracted the attention of Patrolman Myers on Watchung avenue, who stopped the farmers' buggy. They gave up the lamp and were locked up in the police station for the rest of the night. They were held yesterday for the Grand Jury on the charge of grand larceny.

INCENSELL ANTIDOTES, 10 CTS.

Two Women Sell Tracts Denouncing Agnostics Doctrines.

Two women took their stations at the corner of John and Nassau streets about noon yesterday. One was gray-haired and wore glasses, and the other seemed much younger.

The older lady planted a cross on the corner, draped in crape, and inserted between the folds of the crape on the cross was a placard which bore these words: "Death to Robert G. Ingersoll's Doctrines: Our Missionary Tract. Price 10 cents."

In a few moments after their arrival a large crowd gathered about the women, and the pamphlet which is supposed to possess the virtue of dowsing the great Ingersoll, was eagerly bought.

Girls Abducted By Rich Broker.

Arrested with the Two Children at Coney Island.

PATRONIZED BEER HALLS.

Prisoner Is Sixty, and the Youngsters Are Fourteen and Fifteen Years Old.

MET THEM TWO MONTHS AGO.

George Tierney is prominent in the Cotton Trade and Known Socially in This City and New Orleans.

George Tierney, a rich cotton broker, of New Orleans, spent last night in a cell in the Coney Island Police Station on a charge of abduction. Two girls were arrested with him. They gave the names of Lizzie Smith and Florence Dugan. Their right names are Lizzie Katz, of No. 51 Orchard street, and Fannie Devosel, of No. 89 East Broadway. Lizzie gave her age as fifteen, but she did not look that old, and Florence

Actor Cook Held Without Bail.

Arraigned in Court Yesterday for Cutting His Wife.

BLAMED HER FOR IT ALL.

Says She Has Unmercifully Nagged Him and Been Extremely Jealous.

DECLARES SHE SPAT IN HIS FACE.

On the Report That She Was Suffering from Both Shock and Cuts the Judge Held Him.

Augustus Cook, the actor, was arraigned in Harlem Police Court yesterday morning on the charge of having stabbed his wife and servant on Friday afternoon, and was held without bail, by Magistrate Simms, to await the result of his wife's injuries.

Although it was after a night in a police